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The BLACK TERROR

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The BLACK TERROR

NO. 9

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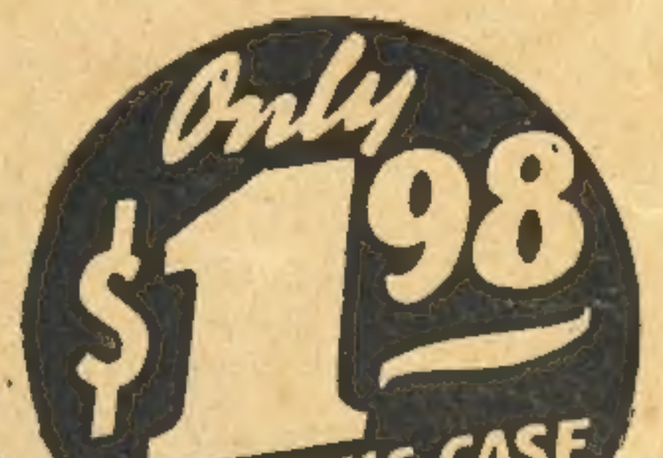

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The Black TERROR

CAN THE TERROR TWINS OVERCOME THE MIGHTY POWER OF HARNESSED LIGHTNING, TURNED TO NAZI USE AGAINST AMERICAN INDUSTRY? WATCH THE FIREWORKS AS MEEK YOUNG DRUGGIST BOB BENTON ASSUMES THE ROLE OF--- THE BLACK TERROR ... TO SMASH THE ENEMIES OF DEMOCRACY!

IN BOB BENTON'S DRUG STORE...

WHAT A DULL DAY! I WISH---

BOB---TIM---I JUST RECEIVED THE MOST WONDERFUL NEWS! I'VE INHERITED A RANCH OUT WEST!

I'M GOING OUT TO SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE WITH IT! AND I'D LIKE YOU TWO TO COME WITH ME!

SAY, THAT'S SOMETHING! I WAS JUST WISHING FOR SOME ACTION! HOW ABOUT IT, BOB?

FINE! WE'LL BE GLAD TO GO!

AND WE'LL TAKE ALONG OUR COSTUMES! NEVER KNOW WHAT MAY TURN UP!

EN ROUTE...

LOOK AT THIS! "FIVE NAZI PRISONERS ESCAPE FROM CAMP NEAR EL PASO." WHY, THAT'S ONLY A FEW MILES FROM THE RANCH!

MAYBE WE'LL RUN INTO THOSE BABIES!

AT THAT MOMENT, ON JEAN'S NEW RANCH...

WE ARRANGED YOUR ESCAPE FOR A PURPOSE, HERR SCHMULZ! WE NEED YOUR SCIENTIFIC SKILL TO IMPROVE THE NEW ELECTRO-DESTROYER OUR ENGINEERS HAVE BEEN DEVELOPING! THIS SAMPLE WAS SMUGGLED IN BY SUBMARINE!

AS I SEE IT, THIS MACHINE CAN PROJECT ENOUGH ELECTRICITY TO KILL A FEW MEN AT SHORT DISTANCES... BUT THE PROBLEM IS TO INCREASE ITS POWER... AND MAKE IT A GREAT WEAPON OF DESTRUCTION!

I WILL WORK ON IT! BUT MEANWHILE, WE CAN DO CONSIDERABLE DAMAGE BY A SIMPLER METHOD... DYNAMITE! WE STOLE SEVERAL CASES OF IT, AND HID THEM IN THE CELLAR OF THIS DESERTED RANCH! OUR FIRST TARGET IS TO BE THE FRANKLIN AIRPLANE PLANT!

HERR SCHMULZ ... A GIRL AND TWO MEN... COMING TOWARDS THE HOUSE!

QUICK... WE'LL HIDE IN THE CELLAR! IF WE ARE DISCOVERED, ALL OUR PLANS MAY BE WRECKED!

OUTSIDE...

THE PLACE LOOKS RATHER DOWN-AT-THE-HEELS, JEAN!

MY UNCLE, WHO OWNED IT, HAD BEEN ILL FOR YEARS! HE FINALLY DIED IN A SANATORIUM!

THIS IS REALLY A FINE PLACE--- A LITTLE BIT SEEDY, THAT'S ALL! IT WON'T BE HARD TO FIX IT UP!

IF YOU REALLY WANT TO GO IN FOR RANCHING, YOU'LL HAVE TO GET YOURSELF A HERD OF CATTLE!

MEANWHILE, IN THE CELLAR...

THESE THREE SEEM TO BE PREPARED TO STAY HERE---FOR A WHILE, AT LEAST! WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE THE DYNAMITE AND SNEAK OUT!

WE CAN ALWAYS COME BACK FOR IT LATER!

DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING?

SOUNDED LIKE SOME SORT OF ANIMAL!

GR-R-RR!

THE SOUND SEEMED TO COME FROM THE HALLWAY! I'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK!

I'LL SEE IF THERE'S ANYTHING OUTSIDE!

OUTSIDE...

QUICK--- QUIET THAT BOY!

SAY---WHAT ARE YOU BIRDS DOING HERE? I---

UGH!

YOK!

BOB HEARS THE SCUFFLE!

IT WAS THIS CUTE LITTLE PUPPY GROWLING! HE MUST HAVE BEEN SOMEBODY'S PET HERE AND---

TIM'S IN TROUBLE! COME ON!

LET GO OF ME OR...

HOLD ON, TIM! I'M COMING!

THE OTHER ONE! TAKE CARE OF HIM, TOO... AND THE GIRL!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU IN... OHHH...

BIFF!

SOK!

YOU COWARDS! I... OH!

THUD!

WE'LL HIDE IN THE HILLS! NO ONE WILL FIND US THERE!

THEY GOT AWAY! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, JEAN?

I... I THINK SO! BUT...

THEY MUST BE THE ESCAPED NAZIS!

Into THE HILLS...

IT WILL NOT BE SAFE FOR US TO GO BACK FOR THE DYNAMITE! WE MUST FIND SOME OTHER SCHEME TO SMASH THE FRANKLIN PLANT!

AN ABANDONED ELECTRIC POWER STATION!

IF YOU COULD FIND SOME WAY TO IMPROVE THE ELECTRO-DESTROYER.

YOU'RE RIGHT! AND ***THERE*** IS THE WAY!

BUT THAT IS ONLY A POWER STATION! IT DOES NOT GENERATE ITS OWN ELECTRICITY!

BUT THE STORMS IN THIS SECTION DO GENERATE A GREAT DEAL! USING THIS STATION TO STEP UP THEIR ELECTRICITY TO TREMENDOUS VOLTAGE...

...WE CAN FEED ENOUGH POWER INTO THE ELECTRO-DESTROYER TO WRECK ANY OBJECT WITHIN MILES OF HERE!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

LOOK AT THOSE CLOUDS, BOB! WE'RE IN FOR A HUMDINGER OF A STORM!

JEAN JUST GOT BACK FROM SURVEYING THE PROPERTY! LUCKY SHE MADE IT IN TIME!

IN A FEW MOMENTS...

IT'S REALLY POURING NOW! AND LOOK AT ALL THAT LIGHTNING CONCENTRATED ON ONE SPOT!

THAT'S WHERE THE FRANKLIN AIRPLANE FACTORY IS! THAT PLACE WILL BE WRECKED! COME ON...THIS CALLS FOR THE TERROR TWINS!

HALF THE PLANT'S DESTROYED! AND THE LIGHTNING'S STILL BOMBARDING IT!

LOOK OUT, TERROR! I...

A SPLIT-SECOND CHANGE!

GREAT BLASTS OF LIGHTNING STRIKE THE TERROR TWINS!

CRAK!

UGH!

OHHH...

AS THE STORM SUBSIDES...

IT WAS A GREAT SUCCESS! THE PLANT IS DESTROYED!

THEY SENT EVERY-ONE OUT OF THE BUILDINGS AS SOON AS THE LIGHTNING BEGAN TO STRIKE! BUT WE GOT TWO VERY IMPORTANT VICTIMS--- *THE BLACK TERROR AND HIS YOUNG FRIEND ---GERMANY'S MOST DANGEROUS ENEMIES!*

EVERYONE AROUND HERE HAS GONE TO HELP AT THE FACTORY! NOW IS OUR CHANCE TO GET THAT DYNAMITE WE HID! I'LL SEND TWO MEN TO THAT RANCHHOUSE!

MEANWHILE...

I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO BOB AND TIM! THEY WERE RIGHT HERE WHEN THE STORM STARTED! I'D BETTER...

YOU'D BETTER JUST DO AS YOU'RE TOLD, FRAULEIN!

NAZIS!

I'LL GET THE DYNAMITE!

A SMALL FURY STRIKES!

OUCH!

GR-R-R-R!

EVEN THE DOGS IN THIS FILTHY COUNTRY HAVE NO MANNERS!

YIPE!

YOU BEAST!

WHEN THE NAZI RETURNS...

I GOT IT! NOW WHAT?

NOW WE WILL TAKE THIS GIRL WITH US! SHE KNOWS TOO MUCH! BUT FIRST SHE IS GOING TO WRITE A LITTLE NOTE FOR HER FRIENDS TO FIND! AFTER THAT--- WE PLANT A TIME BOMB HERE!

YOU WILL DO IT, FRAULEIN!

I WON'T DO IT!

STOP... PLEASE! YOU'RE HURTING ME!

NOW WRITE WHAT I TELL YOU! I WANT TO BE SURE YOUR FRIENDS DON'T LEAVE BEFORE OUR LITTLE PLAN TAKES EFFECT! HA-HA!

THIS BOMB UNDER THE COUCH WILL GO OFF IN TWENTY MINUTES!

GOOD! NOW WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE SOMEONE SEES US!

LOOK! THE BLACK TERROR AND HIS FRIEND! I THOUGHT WE KILLED THEM WHEN WE DESTROYED THE FACTORY!

AND WHY SHOULD THEY BE COMING TO THIS RANCH?... BUT NO MATTER! IF OUR LITTLE TRAP CATCHES THOSE TWO--- SO MUCH THE BETTER!

THOSE WERE CERTAINLY TREMENDOUS LIGHTNING FLASHES!

YEAH! I GUESS THEY WOULD'VE KILLED ANYONE BUT US! BUT NOW WE'D BETTER THINK OF SOME EXCUSE TO EXPLAIN TO JEAN HOW THE TERROR TWINS GOT OUT HERE!

SAY... HERE'S A NOTE FROM JEAN! SHE SAYS SHE'S GONE ON AN ERRAND AND WILL BE BACK IN A FEW MINUTES! SHE WANTS US TO WAIT FOR HER *RIGHT HERE!*

THAT'S FUNNY! WHY SHOULD WE WAIT *RIGHT HERE?*

THE HANDWRITING ON THIS IS VERY SHAKY! I WONDER WHETHER JEAN'S IN SOME SORT OF TROLBLE! MAYBE THOSE NAZIS...

TERROR! SOMEBODY WAS HERE, ALL RIGHT... *AND GAVE THE PUPPY A BEATING!* WE'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK AROUND OUTSIDE!

WOOF!

HARDLY ARE THEY OUTSIDE, WHEN...

BOOM!

A TIME BOMB, EH? ... AND THE HORSES WERE TAKEN! THE CORRAL IS EMPTY! WE OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO FOLLOW THEIR TRACKS!

I GUESS I'D BETTER LEAVE THE PUPPY HERE! HE'LL BE SAFER!

TRACKING THE NAZIS TO THEIR HIDEOUT IN THE HILLS...

HERE'S WHERE YOU KILLERS GET A TASTE OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE!

YOU CAN'T *ALWAYS* WIN, BLACK TERROR! THE ELECTRO-DESTROYER WILL SHOW YOU THAT!

I FEEL... PARALYZED! ELECTRIC SHOCK...

THEY'RE TREMENDOUSLY POWERFUL! SO MUCH ELECTRICITY WOULD KILL ANYONE ELSE!

THIS WILL TAKE CARE OF THEM!

WHAM! BOP!

PRISONERS!

SO YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD STOP HELMLT SCHMULZ. HA-HA! I AM ABOUT TO DESTROY THE GREAT COSMO DAM···AND IT WILL BE MY PLEASURE TO DESTROY THE BLACK TERROR AND HIS YOUNG FRIEND AT THE SAME TIME!

THE COSMO DAM··· IT PROVIDES POWER FOR NINETY PER CENT OF THE WAR FACTORIES IN THIS VICINITY!

EXACTLY! THERE IS A STORM COMING UP WHICH MY ELECTRO-DESTROYER WILL HARNESS TO WRECK THE DAM! AND YOU TWO WILL BE ON THE DAM WHEN IT DOES!

HELPLESS··· AS A GREAT STORM BREAKS!

KEEP FIGHTING, TIM! DON'T LET...LIGHTNING ...FLOOR YOU! I HAVE AN IDEA...

TERROR ···WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

FREE!

I THOUGHT SO! WE COULD STAND THE LIGHTNING ···BUT THE ROPES THEY TIED US WITH COULDN'T! THEY WERE BURNED THROUGH!

WE'VE... GOT TO ... SAVE THE DAM!

THIS DAM'S BEEN UNDER REPAIR···AND THESE GIRDERS ARE JUST THE THING! GIVE ME A HAND, TIM!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

TWO GREAT LIGHTNING RODS!

YOU SEE? THOSE TWO TOWERS LEAD ALL THE LIGHTNING OFF INTO THE GROUND! ORDINARY LIGHTNING RODS WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO DO IT!

NOW WE'VE GOT TO GET AFTER THOSE BABIES AND THEIR ELECTRO-DESTROYER!

AS THE STORM PASSES...

HIMMEL! THE DAM IS STILL INTACT! AND THE BLACK TERROR---HE'S AFTER US! HE ISN'T HUMAN!

A PANICKY FLIGHT!

THAT ROPE BRIDGE... JUST THE THING! COME ON!

I'VE CUT THE ROPE! NOW LET'S SEE WHAT THE GREAT BLACK TERROR CAN DO! HA-HA!

COME ON, TIM---THE CATAPULT TRICK! IT'S PERFECT FOR THIS!

LET 'ER GO, TIM!

FROM AMERICA TO GERMANY... AND FROM ME TO YOU!

POK!

DROP THE GIRL! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!

HERE'S WHERE TWO HEELS CLICK!

CRAK!

A FURIOUS LEAP!

I GET YOU!

PRETTY PUNK SHOOTING, BOYS! BUT I WON'T MISS!

BANG! BANG!

BIFF!

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GORGE...

TIM DUCKS!

TOO SLOW, NAZI!

AIEEEE!

LATER...

SO THE BLACK TERROR SAVED YOU! WE WERE IN TOWN--WE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS GOING ON!

THERE'S A VERY LARGE REWARD FOR THE CAPTURE OF THOSE NAZIS, MISS STARR! SINCE THE BLACK TERROR ISN'T HERE TO ACCEPT IT---IT'S YOURS!

THAT'S SWELL, JEAN! NOW YOU'LL BE ABLE TO REBUILD THE RANCH-HOUSE---AND BUY YOURSELF A LOAD OF WAR BONDS, TOO!

HAVE YOU BOUGHT ALL THE BONDS YOU CAN?

A Detective Story

KEYS TO CRIME

By CHARLES ROBERTS

WILBUR DALY was sitting in the office of his father's private detective agency one night, watching the telephone during his father's absence. To occupy his time, Wilbur was puzzling over some codes. Suddenly the door opened.

"Hello, kid," a burly man in the doorway spoke up. "You alone here?"

"Just about," replied Wilbur with a smile. "But if it's my father, Arthur Daly, you want to see he'll be back in about half an hour."

"Too long to wait," the visitor said. He drew a gun. "You'll do just as well."

On the wall in front of Wilbur's desk there was a large keyboard which held the keys to the warehouses Arthur Daly was supposed to protect. Each one was neatly labeled. The gunman extended his hand and picked up one set of keys. He turned to the boy and said:

"I've got big business at the Turner Warehouses. These keys will help me a lot, and you better come along with me!"

Wilbur could do nothing to stop the armed gunman, but his mind was working rapidly. He spotted a check book that was on the desk, and he opened this, tearing out one of the blank checks. He stuck this into one of the leather corners of the desk blotter, and then took a small bunch of keys from his own pocket.

"What are you doing?" the gunman asked. "Don't think you can put anything over Butch Maynard!"

"Nothing like that," said Wilbur. "My father wanted to pay a bill tonight, so I'm leaving the blank check ready for him."

"Okay," said Butch. "Let's go!"

Wilbur went out with the gunman, and found that

there was a truck downstairs with two more men in the driver's cab.

Wilbur was prodded into the truck, and the vehicle drove away. Not many minutes later it turned into the loading platform at the Turner Warehouses.

Wilbur knew that the warehouses were storing valuable materials. They would be insured, but some of the materials could not be replaced at the present time. Besides, Arthur Daly would be accused of negligence and would probably lose his clients.

Butch Maynard left the truck, opened the side door of the warehouse and the truck was backed in.

Wilbur was tied up in a corner while the men worked. They loaded the truck and were about to drive away when Butch finally came over to the boy.

"So long, kid, thanks for helping us out," he said.

One of the other men opened the sliding door so the truck could be driven out. As he did, the interior of the warehouse was lit up by a huge searchlight, and bluecoated men with ready revolvers rushed in.

"This is it," shouted a burly sergeant. "Drop your gat, Butch, or we'll mow you down!"

Arthur Daly came forward, and untied Wilbur. Then he turned on Butch and said:

"I see the kid was too smart for you. When the Dalys sign up to protect a warehouse, we do it right."

The sergeant was just as curious about the way Wilbur had tipped off his father as the loft robber was.

"It was easy," Arthur explained. "The boy knows I'm quick at solving codes, so before he left, he put a check and a bunch of keys on the desk blotter. I knew something was wrong so I figured the message meant 'Check Keys.' I looked on the keyboard and saw that the keys for the Turner Warehouses were missing. Click, I had it! So I phoned you boys, and here we are!"

Arthur Daly patted Wilbur on the shoulder. Wilbur was really one of "the Dalys," private detectives, from then on!

The Dalys Prove They're the Tops in Clever Sleuthing!

THE BLACK TERROR

SCENE 1... AMERICA!
TIME ... THE PRESENT!
ACTION ... PLENTY ...
...AS A DARING BAND OF NAZI HIRELINGS TRIES TO BLAST THE MEDICAL PRODUCTION CENTER SUPPLYING THE UNITED STATES' FIGHTING FORCES! WATCH BOB BENTON AND TIM, IN THE GUISE OF THE TERROR TWINS, PROVE ONCE AGAIN THAT NAZI BULLETS ARE NO MATCH FOR THEIR STEEL MUSCLES AND FLASHING FISTS!
CC-89

LATE AT NIGHT, IN **BOB BENTON'S** DRUG STORE...

HEY--- I THOUGHT YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO MEET ME FOR THAT ***MOVIE!***

SORRY, TIM...GUESS I FORGOT! I'VE BEEN WORKING ON A SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT--AND SINCE IT'S ALL DONE, I SUPPOSE I CAN TELL YOU ABOUT IT!

THAT BOTTLE HOLDS A SURE CURE FOR TYPHOID FEVER! DR. JENNINGS OF THE GRANT LABORATORY COMMISSIONED ME TO MAKE IT UP! TOMORROW I'M GOING TO DELIVER IT!

GOLLY! THE GRANT LAB! I'D SURE LIKE TO SEE THAT PLACE! CAN I GO WITH YOU?

I THOUGHT I'D SURPRISE YOU WITH AN INVITATION, BUT I SEE YOU'RE WAY AHEAD OF ME! YES, I'VE GOT TWO PASSES THAT WILL GET US THROUGH THE MILITARY GUARD!

BOYOBOY! WON'T JEAN BE JEALOUS? FOR ONCE--NO ***WOMEN ALLOWED!***

NEXT DAY...

GOSH, TIM; RIGHT UNDER MY ARM IS THE STUFF THAT WILL SAVE HUNDREDS OF LIVES! AFTER FINAL TESTS, XODIO-THIAMIN WILL GO INTO WHOLESALE PRODUCTION!

I BET ***HITLER*** WOULD LIKE TO GET HIS HANDS ON THIS STUFF!

SUDDENLY...

QUIET! WE DON'T MIND USING BULLETS!

HEY!!

SOK!

WE DON'T LIKE *MEDDLERS*, SEE?

OH-OH.. I MISSED !!!

BIFF!

A SMASHING IMPACT!

UF!

WUMP!

DIS BIG ONE SHOULD HAVE DER PAPERS MIT HIM!

HURRY! SOMEONE MIGHT COME!

MOMENTS LATER...

YOU ARE LATE! WERE YOU SUCCESSFUL?

WE GRABBED ALL DER PAPERS WE COULD FIND! WE GOT NOT ONLY DER FOR-MUL'A, BUT DER PASSES TO DER GRANT LABORATORY!

DER GRANT LABORATORY! I HAFF AN IDEA!! FRITZ! GET DER DOUBLE BOMB EQUIPMENT! NOW WE GO INTO ACTION!

PASS

GRANT LABORATORY

Robert Benton

YOU WILL ASSJME DER NAMES OF ROB-ERT BENTON ÜND HIS FRIEND! TAKE CARE OF JENNINGS FIRST-- UND YOU CAN GUESS DER REST, NO? HA-HA!!

JAWOHL! WE BOMB DER LAB-ORATORY!!

BOB AWAKENS FROM THE PUNISHING BLOW!

OH --- MY STOMACH --- WHAT THE --- TIM!!! WAKE UP!

HUH ---? BOB!!

BLAZES! THEY GOT THE BOTTLE OF XODIOTHIAMIN-- AND THE PASSES! STEP ON IT, TIM! HERE'S WHERE THE TERROR TWINS GO INTO ACTION!

YOU'RE TELLING ME! THE FIRST THING WE'VE GOT TO DO IS PHONE DR. JENNINGS!

OKAY! PASS, MR. BENTON!

KEEP YOUR COLLAR TURNED UP! SOMF BODY MIGHT KNOW BENTON AROUND HERE!

THANK YOU!

meanwhile...

REMEMBER! SLUG HIM FAST! NO NOISE!

HERE IT ISS!

MR. BENTON?... YOU SAY A COUPLE OF THUGS? THEY'RE-- HELP!!

NO NOISE, PLEASE!

WHAK!

THE PHONE'S OFF THE HOOK AND I CAN'T GET ANOTHER LINE THROUGH!

THAT MEANS THE THUGS JUST GOT THERE! LET'S GO GET 'EM, TERROR!

TO A NEARBY AIRPORT...

TICKETS, PLEASE?

LET'S GRAB THAT AIRLINER!--- IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S STARTING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION!

I'M WITH YOU, TERROR!!

MADE IT!!

BUT I WOULDN'T CALL THESE COMFORTABLE SEATS!

A Soaring Leap!

MEANWHILE...BACK AT THE GRANT LABORATORY---THE NAZIS OVERCOME THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS!

SO FAR, SO GOOD! HA-HA! DON'T FORGET TO RETURN DER SALUTES, "CAPTAIN"!

JA! BETTER TAKE ALONG A COUPLE OF FLOWER POTS AS STAGE PROPS WHEN WE DIG!

DOT'S RIGHT! BUT DON'T SAY NODDING! I SEE DER PLACE FOR DER BOMB!

AFTER SLOW DIGGING...

IT ISS DEEP ENOUGH! QUICK! DER BOMBS!

JA! DER BIG ONE FIRST, MIT DER RUBBER INSULATOR! DOT WILL KEEP IT FROM BEING DISCOVERED BY MINE DETECTORS!

IT ISS SET TO GO OFF IN SIX HOURS! DER DARKNESS WILL ADD TO DER CONFUSION!

HIMMEL! LOOK--- *DER BLACK TERROR!*

LET'S GET TO DR. JENNINGS' OFFICE FIRST!

LUCKY THE GUARDS KNEW OF US, OR WE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ALLOWED IN HERE! *HEY... WAIT!* THOSE FELLOWS LOOK FAMILIAR!

A FLYING TACKLE!

PARDON ME, RATZI! I'D LIKE AN INTERVIEW!

TERROR! LOOK OUT!!

UF!

HERE'S SOMET'ING TO CRY ABOUT, GENTLEMEN! *HA-HA!*

TEAR GAS!!

THROUGH THE SMOKE FUMES!

STOP OR I *FIRE!*

OH, YEAH?

UH!

HURRY! DER CHIEF'S CAR IS OUTSIDE!

WE DID IT!

NICE WORK! *LET'S GO!*

AFTER 'EM, TIM!

AND *THIS* TIME WE MEAN BUSINESS!

OH!

THEY'VE GOT TO TAKE THIS ROAD! LET'S MAKE A SHORT-CUT UP HERE AND DROP DOWN ON THEM!

OKAY! WE'LL MAKE IT SOONER THAN THE PURSUIT CARS FROM THE LAB!

TWO DYNAMOS HURTLE DOWN!

AND HERE WE COME!

THERE THEY ARE!

MOMENTUM TEARS THE CAR FROM THEIR GRASP!

FASTER, KARL!

HOLD THAT TIGER!

OUCH!

OVER A TURNTABLE BRIDGE!

THEY'RE GETTING ACROSS THAT BRIDGE!

I'VE GOT A *DIFFERENT* IDEA!

Mighty Muscles Revolve the Bridge!

HEAVE-HO, TIM! *IT'S GIVING!!*

SCREECH!

SO AM *I!* UGH!!

IN THE SECOND CAR... JEAN!

TERROR! EEEEK!!

THE AGENTS' CAR ROARS TOWARD TERROR AND TIM!

SMASH DEM MIT DER CAR!

THEY'LL BE RUN DOWN! I'VE GOT TO INTERCEPT THAT CAR!

JEAN!

Interference!

HELP!

GREAT SCOTT! GRAB THAT BUMPER, TIM!

CRAK!

PULLED TO SAFETY!

UGH! MADE IT!!

LOOK OUT BEHIND, TERROR! HERE THEY COME AGAIN!

TIM'S WARNING IS TOO LATE!

HEY!!

UF!

YOU DEMONS!

PRISONERS...

HURRY! IN 'MIT DEM! DER ARMY CARS WILL BE HERE!

JAWOHL!

DERE ISS A SECOND BRIDGE ABOUT A MILE DOWN! TAKE DOT, UND STOP AT DER OLD ICE PLANT! I KNOW WHAT TO DO MIT DEM!

OKAY, CHIEF!

AS THE TERROR AND TIM REVIVE...

HERE IS WHERE WE LEAVE YOU, MY TROUBLESOME FRIENDS! DER LABORATORY WILL BE BLOWN UP IN AN HOUR, AND DERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT! FRITZ, OPEN DER MACHINERY ROOM!

WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO?

STAFFORD ICE CO.

SHALL WE LET IT BE A SURPRISE? DON'T WORRY, YOUR GIRL FRIEND STAYS MIT US... BUT *YOU* TWO WILL HAVE A DIFFERENT FATE!

I HAFF THROWN DER SWITCH! DER MACHINE IS MOVING!

GREAT GUNS!

A MERCY KILLING DIS WILL BE! *HA-HA!* HURRY-- WE MUST CONTACT DER U-BOAT!!

U-BOAT--- *AH-H!*

BOP!

WAP!

INTO A CONSTANTLY LOWERING TEMPERATURE!

OH....COLD... MUST BE...THE *ICE VAT!*

SLAM!

TERROR!

Meanwhile...

NOW NORTHWARD, KARL! WE TAKE DER PLANE AT DER HIDEOUT. UND DER U-BOAT PICKS US UP IN MID-OCEAN!

JA! UND AFTER DOT... *DEUTSCHLAND*... MIT DER FORMULA FOR DER XODIOTHIAMIN!

A GIGANTIC DICER DESCENDS!

IF THIS MACHINE THINKS WE'RE ICE ALREADY... IT'S MISTAKEN!

TERROR! LOOK... THERE'S A WAY OUT!

A QUICK DIVE!

WE'RE OUT! COME ON, TIM... FIRST STOP IS THE GRANT LAB!

LET'S GRAB THAT TRUCK I SAW PARKED OUTSIDE!

AFTER A WHIRL-WIND DRIVE...

GET THE MINE DETECTORS OUT, SOLDIER! THERE'S A BOMB GOING OFF IN ABOUT FIVE MINUTES FLAT!!

WE'VE FOUND IT, TERROR! IT'S A SMALL ONE...COULDN'T HAVE DONE MUCH DAMAGE!!

THAT SMALL BOMB WAS JUST A TEASER! THERE'S A BIGGER ONE UNDERNEATH THAT'S GOING TO... STAND BACK, EVERYBODY! TIM!!

I'M WITH YOU, TERROR!

CLICK!

TWO MIGHTY FORMS BLANKET THE BLAST!

HANG ON, TIM!

BAM!

GOOD LORD... THAT WAS A MIRACLE!

NOTHING BUT A FEW BRICKS DISLODGED! ...WE'VE GOT TO HAVE SOME PLANES RIGHT AWAY--- CAN WE GET THEM?

YOU BET, TERROR... FOLLOW ME!!

AT THE FLYING FIELD...

I'LL NEED SIX ARMY FIGHTERS, OFFICER! WE'RE GOING TO HUNT A NAZI SUB!

NAZI SUB! WE'RE READY, TERROR! LET'S GO!!

A SHORT TIME LATER...

LOOK, TIM! THERE THEY ARE, DEAD AHEAD!

NOW THE NEXT THING IS TO FIND THE SUB!

SUDDENLY...

DERE SHE ISS!

HIMMEL! LOOK BEHIND US! AMERICAN PLANES!

MIND IF WE CHANGE BUSES?

SIX U.S. FIGHTER-BOMBERS SWOOP DOWN ON THE UNSUSPECTING U-BOAT!

RAT-A-TAT!

TAT-TAT-A-TAT!

RAT-A-TAT-TAT!

BULL'S-EYE!!

BOOM!

FORCED DOWN, THE GERMANS ARE DRAGGED FROM THEIR PLANE.

TERROR! THANK GOODNESS YOU CAME!!

BET YOUR LIFE, JEAN! NOW TO GET THAT XODIOTHIAMIN FORMULA BACK!

LATER...ON SHORE...

THANKS TO YOU, TERROR, THE FORMULA CAN GO INTO PRODUCTION RIGHT AWAY!

DON'T MENTION IT, SIR! MR. BENTON WILL BE HAPPY TO HEAR THE NEWS! HE'LL DOUBLE HIS QUOTA OF WAR BONDS!

DAVE NORTON

RUSTLER SHOWDOWN

A Western Trail Drive Story

By

TEX MUMFORD

MARTY THORNE was thirteen and very proud of being the youngest member of the Wagon Wheel outfit. He had charge of the extra horses whenever there was a trail drive.

"Wish I could be like you, Dave," Marty told Dave Norton, the foreman, one day. "You've got plenty of range savvy!"

Dave grinned. He handed Marty a package. "Seein' as this is yore birthday I got you a present, Marty."

"Thanks!" said Marty excitedly "What is it, Dave?"

"Open it up and look," said the foreman

Marty hastily opened the package and drew out a nicely cured rattlesnake skin. It was complete, even to the rattles on the tail

"This is great, Dave," said Marty. "I always wanted a snakeskin hat band. Thanks very much!"

"That's all right," said the foreman as he walked away "Glad yuh like it, Marty."

Marty fastened the snakeskin on his hat and then went on about his work. The outfit was taking a trail herd to the market twenty miles away and Marty had to get the horses of the remuda ready.

Since a trail herd moved slowly and sometimes did not travel more than five or six miles a day Marty knew that the trip would take at least three days.

THAT night the trail drivers bedded the herd down for the night six miles away from the ranch. Marty had made a rope corral for the horses. He was eating at the chuck wagon with the men.

"Heard there have been rustlers hanging around Gray Rock Pass," said Dave Norton. "Reckon we better be on the lookout for trouble when we reach the pass tomorrow evening"

After he had eaten, Marty wandered away from the camp. Back in the brush he suddenly heard voices and suspected that badmen were around He crept closer, reached a spot where he could listen without being seen.

"We'll fool them," said a gruff voice. "They'll figger they'll run into trouble when they reach the pass—but we'll camp at that clump of boulders beside the trail about a mile from here and attack them the first thing in the morning."

"Sounds all right, Chief," said another voice. "But—"

He stopped speaking as Marty accidentally dislodged a stone. It made quite a clatter as it rolled.

"What's that?" demanded the rustler who had spoken first. "Sounds like somebody back in the brush!"

Marty quickly took off his hat and began to shake it. The rattles on the hat band sounded like those of a real snake.

"It was a rattler," said one of the rustlers. "I don't aim to tangle with that sidewinder. Let's get out of here, Chief!"

Two hours later seven outlaws awoke to find themselves surrounded by the Wagon Wheel trail crew. For the waddies had listened to what Marty had overheard and they had acted fast. They captured the gang without firing a shot!

"That snakeskin shore saved yuh from bein' caught by the rustlers, and it helped catch a whole pack of sidewinders, Marty," said Dave Norton. "You were smart, allright!"

Marty Thorne of the Wagon Wheel Faces Outlaw Peril!

The BLACK TERROR

WHEN JAP SCIENCE HATCHES A NEW MACHINE TO UNCOVER THE MOST CAREFULLY-GUARDED SECRETS OF AMERICA'S WAR EFFORT, THE ALLIED CAUSE LIES IN DEADLY PERIL···UNTIL THE MIGHTY BLACK TERROR, KNOWN TO MOST PEOPLE AS MILD DRUG CLERK BOB BENTON···STEPS IN TO MEET CUNNING WITH CUNNING, AND FORCE WITH FORCE!

ON BOB BENTON'S DRUG STORE...

THAT'S PECULIAR! A GENERAL DOESN'T JUST DISAPPEAR INTO THIN AIR!

IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THEY SUSPECT FOUL PLAY, DOESN'T IT?

GENERAL HOBART MISSING
NATIONWIDE SEARCH LAUNCHED

CC-250

And IN ARMY INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS...

IF AXIS AGENTS SOMEHOW GOT HOLD OF GENERAL HOBART, THEY **MAY** HAVE MANAGED TO MAKE HIM REVEAL THE NEW CODE HE JUST WORKED OUT!

I CAN'T BELIEVE **ANYTHING** WOULD MAKE HIM KNOWINGLY REVEAL IT--- BUT WE'LL CHANGE IT, JUST TO MAKE SURE!

GENERAL HOBART NATIONWIDE

LATER...

HERE'S THE NEW CODE, LIEJTENANT! IT MUST GO OUT TO THE PACIFIC COMMANDERS AT ONCE!

VERY WELL, SIR.

BUT THE DAMAGE HAS BEEN DONE! ON A PACIFIC FIGHTING FRONT...

THE JAP RIGHT FLANK IS BEGINNING TO WEAKEN! POUR REINFORCEMENTS IN THERE! SEND OUT ORDERS IN THE NEW CODE!

CHICAGO REPORTS THE PRICE OF STEAK LOWER THIS WEEK! MORE VEAL NEEDED TO RELIEVE SHORTAGES! THAT IS ALL!

HA-HA! WITH NEW CODE IN OUR HANDS WE HOLD GREAT ADVANTAGE! WE WILL CRUSH NEW ATTACK!

AND A BATTLE IS LOST BY ALLIED FORCES!

CRIPES! THE N.PS POURED IT ON AS THOUGH THEY WERE ALL SET AND WAITING FOR US!

STEP ON IT, YOU FELLAS! WE GOTTA REFORM OUR LINES AND DIG IN!

BANG! BANG!

RAT-TAT-TAT

BACK IN THE UNITED STATES...

MERCIFUL HEAVENS! HE LOOKS--- DEAD!

The POLICE ARRIVE QUICKLY!

IT'S GENERAL HOBART, ALL RIGHT··· WITH A BULLET THROUGH HIS HEART!

I PASSED BY HERE ONLY A FEW MINUTES AGO ···AND THE STREET WAS EMPTY! THEN WHEN I CAME BACK ··· THERE HE WAS!

BOB D.D YOU HEAR? THEY FOUND GENERAL HOBART··· DEAD! HE WAS SHOT!

HMMM... COULD IT HAVE BEEN JAP AGENTS, I WONDER?

WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, GENTLEMEN?

WE GOT A PRESCRIPTION FOR YOU TO MAKE UP!

THIS IS A VERY UNUSUAL PRESCRIPTION! IT LOOKS MORE LIKE A CHEMICAL FORMULA··· APPARENTY OF A RADIO-ACTIVE NATURE!

NEVER MIND THAT! GO AHEAD AND MAKE IT UP!

I'M SORRY, BUT I CAN'T DO IT!

D'YOU STILL SAY NO?

THIS IS MY ANSWER NOW!

SOK!

UGH!

GET HIM, BOYS!

YOU FELLOWS WANT A DOSE OF THE SAME MEDICINE, EH?

POW!

A BLOW FROM BEHIND FELLS BOB, AS TIM CHARGES IN!

HOLD IT, KID... UNLESS YOU WANT SOME LEAD POISONING!

OHHH..

MOMENTS LATER... AS JEAN ENTERS..

TIM! BOB! WHAT HAPPENED?

THREE THUGS CAME IN! THEY WANTED A PHONEY PRESCRIPTION THAT BOB WOULDN'T GIVE THEM!

I DIDN'T THINK HE HAD ENOUGH COURAGE TO DO THAT! THIS SPIRITS OF AMMONIA SHOULD REVIVE HIM!

WH-WHAT HAPPENED?

I SEE THEY TOOK THE CHEMICALS THEY NEEDED FOR THAT FORMULA! I WONDER WHAT THEY COULD HAVE WANTED IT FOR?

WELL, I HAVE TO BE GOING!

I'LL WALK YOU HOME, JEAN!

THAT'S ADMIRAL CARWELL'S HOME, ISN'T IT?

YES, HE...

TIM...LOOK! THAT MAN... STEALING OUT OF THE HOUSE!

SAY...HE LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THE MEN WHO SLUGGED BOB AND ME!

JEAN, YOU GO AND TELL BOB! I'M GOING TO GET-THAT BIRD!

HIT THE DIRT, PAL!

OOF!

BUT REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE!

THAT'S THE KID FROM THE DRUG STORE! HE KNOWS TOO MUCH NOW! TAKE HIM TO HANURA!

BOB! TIM SAW ONE OF THOSE THUGS IN FRONT OF ADMIRAL CARWELL'S HOME! HE SENT ME TO GET YOU!

WHA···! WELL, I···

THIS CALLS FOR THE BLACK TERROR! BUT I CAN'T LET JEAN KNOW WHO I AM!

I···I THINK YOU'D BETTER CALL THE POLICE! THIS IS SOMETHING THEY SHOULD HANDLE!

WELL! AND I THOUGHT YOU'D FINALLY DEVELOPED SOME COURAGE!

THERE WAS A FIGHT HERE, ALL RIGHT··· AND IT LOOKS AS THOUGH TIM GOT THE WORST OF IT, SINCE HE ISN'T ANY-WHERE AROUND!

HERE'S WHERE THE BLACK TERROR TAKES A HAND! JEAN'LL WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO BOB BENTON, BUT THAT CAN'T BE HELPED!

AT THAT MOMENT···

THERE'S THE ADMIRAL HIMSELF! HE WALKS AS THOUGH HE'S IN A TRANCE!

THERE MAY BE SOME-THING UP REGARDING THE ADMIRAL! I'D BETTER HAVE A LOOK!

THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY GOING ON! I'LL FOLLOW HIM AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

HE'S TURNING IN HERE! HE ACTS AS THOUGH HE'S HYPNOTIZED!

AH! VERY GLAD TO SEE HONORABLE ADMIRAL! PLEASE TO BE SEATED!

I OBEY YOUR COMMAND!

NOW...THE ELECTRO-HYPNOTIZER WILL BEND YOUR WILL TO MINE! YOU WILL SPEAK ONLY THE TRUTH!

YOU WILL REVEAL TO ME NOW ALL NEW ATTACKS BEING PLANNED AGAINST NIPPONESE ISLANDS IN NEXT THREE MONTHS!

I...I...

I···DON'T WANT TO TELL YOU··· BUT I CAN'T ··RESIST! NEW ATTACKS ARE···

SUDDENLY···

SORRY TO IN-TERRUPT THE PARTY··· BUT IT SEEMS I CAME JUST IN TIME!

TERROR!

SO··BLACK TERROR WOULD SPOIL HANURA'S PLANS! WE SHALL SEE HOW HE WITHSTANDS ELECTRO-HYPNOTIZER!

THOSE RAYS··· ARE OVERPOWERING··· BUT I MUSTN'T··· YIELD!

AGONIZING MOMENTS OF MIGHTY MENTAL STRUGGLE! THEN···

I··· CAN'T··· FIGHT ANY LONGER!

AH! NIPPONESE SCIENCE HAS WON! HE IS UNDER MY CONTROL!

EVEN GREAT BLACK TERROR CANNOT DEFY HANURA! I WILL BE NATIONAL HERO IN JAPAN!

NOBLE EMPEROR WILL GIVE US MANY HONORS!

HE IS TIED SECURELY, HANURA!

I COMMAND YOU, BLACK TERROR··· AWAKEN!

WHAT··· HOW D I GET HERE?

YOU WERE ONE MORE VICTIM OF WONDERFUL ELECTRO-HYPNOTIZER! WE FORCED GENERAL HOBART TO REVEAL HIS NEW CODE···AND THEN KILLED HIM!

NOW WE HAVE ADMIRAL CARWELL! RADIO-CONTROLLED HYPNOTIC RECEIVER WAS HIDDEN IN HIS HOUSE AND FORCED HIM TO COME HERE! HE WILL SOON TELL ALL HE KNOWS!

MANY OTHER IMPORTANT AMERICAN OFFICERS WILL SOON FEEL THE WEIGHT OF JAPANESE MIGHT!

SO THAT'S WHY THOSE THUGS WANTED THE CHEMICALS FROM BOB BENTON! THEY MUST HAVE NEEDED THEM TO COAT THE RADIO-ACTIVE HYPNOSIS RECEIVER!

With A SUDDEN SURGE OF GIANT MUSCLES···

THAT'S WHAT *YOU* THINK HANURA!

SACRED ANCESTORS! HE SNAPPED ROPES LIKE THREADS!

HANURA NOT DEFEATED SO EASILY! ELECTRO-HYPNOTIC MACHINE SUBDUED YOU ONCE ··IT WILL DO SO AGAIN!

SO SORRY···AS YOU JAPS SAY··· BUT IT *DIDN'T* SUBDUE ME BEFORE! IT WAS A LITTLE TRICK OF MINE, HANURA··· TO GET *YOU* TO REVEAL A FEW THINGS!

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE FOR A GOOD FIGHT, TIM!

JUST GIVE ME ONE SECOND TO GET INTO MY FIGHTING CLOTHES, THEN···

SHOOT THEM DOWN!

RRRIP!

···WATCH MY SMOKE!

SOK!

DON'T WASTE TOO MUCH EFFORT ON THE SMALL FRY, TIM!

POW!

THESE ARE THE BABIES I REALLY WANT TO DISPOSE OF!

CRAK!

WHAM!

NOW I'LL TURN THIS THING OFF AND REVIVE THE ADMIRAL!

WHERE ··· AM I?

LATER, IN THE DRUGSTORE..

THE PAPERS SAY THE BLACK TERROR CLEANED UP A WHOLE JAP SPY GANG! BUT WHERE WERE YOU ALL THE TIME? HIDING SOME PLACE, NO DOUBT!

BUT JEAN, IF I HAD INTERFERED, I MIGHT HAVE BEEN *HURT!*

BUY WAR BONDS! AND WATCH FOR A GREAT NEW BLACK TERROR STORY IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!

A Spy-Fighting Story

BOY GENERAL

By CHARLES S. STRONG

ALTHOUGH only fourteen years old, Clinton Monahan was following in the footsteps of his father, General Jerry Monahan. Clinton was a cadet commander in the military school where he was training for West Point. During his summer vacation he liked to work with his father's sandbox models at the Monahan home overlooking Long Island Sound.

General Monahan often used these sandbox models to work out real military problems. The sand could be shaped into any sort of terrain, and the hundreds of tin soldiers, representing all types of men, even enemy Intelligence officers, plus miniature cannons, trucks, bridges, houses, tents and other equipment could be arranged in any way desired.

One night, while Clinton was busy with the models, he heard someone in the hall outside. "Who's there?" he called.

"Ah-hah," sneered a voice in the doorway. "So you are alone, my son. That is fine."

Clinton whirled around to see a man of typical Prussian bearing, wearing a monocle.

"I am Curt Mannheim," the man went on. "I have come for some valuable documents your father keeps here. My men will look for them while I entertain you."

Clinton watched while the German agents methodically went through his father's desk and bookcases. They found nothing. Mannheim was disturbed.

"Go upstairs," he ordered. "Search the General's room. If he is not keeping the papers there, we will take the boy to the old stone quarry outside of town, and keep him prisoner until his father comes to terms with us."

Clinton Monahan

squirmed inwardly, for he knew how valuable were the secrets entrusted to his father. But he showed no fright, and resumed playing with the tin soldiers. The two searchers returned and one of them said:

"There is nothing there."

Mannheim left a letter to Clinton's father, and Clinton was hurried away, soon finding himself a prisoner in the powder house of the old stone quarry. The Nazis had stocked it well with food and other comforts.

Clinton made himself as comfortable as possible, then he said:

"You think you are as smart as my father, Herr Mannheim?"

"Certainly," replied the German, "we Nazis are much smarter than you Americans. You will be sure of that at six o'clock when I go to get your father's answer!"

Six o'clock came, and with it the group headed for the door of the powder shack.

The door was opened and suddenly a harsh voice cried out:

"Up with your hands, Mannheim, or I'll blow you in two!"

The speaker was a hard-boiled American Army sergeant armed with a Thompson sub-machine gun. Four other men, armed with pistols and rifles were covering the powder shack.

Mannheim and his two aides surrendered without delay.

General Monahan hurried forward to greet his son. Mannheim was fuming. He studied the General, then said:

"I do not understand how you were able to locate us so quickly!"

"The sandbox showed me where you were," the General said happily. "We were working on the problem of defending this town. My son was clever enough to put tin soldiers representing enemy agents in my house, and at the quarry. He showed a cadet, representing himself, held prisoner there. My real soldiers did the rest. You can't beat the Monahans!"

Young Clinton Monahan Matches Wits with Nazi Agents!

THUNDERHOOF

THIS WAS A FRONTIER NEVER TO BE REVIVED... LINGERING IN THE FAINT WEED-GROWN WAGON TRAILS AND SHADOWED GHOST TOWNS... AND IN THE GLORIOUS LEGEND OF **THUNDERHOOF**.. MASTER OF THE SAN MORALES VALLEY! THE SIX-GUNS ARE SILENT... THE VALLEY IS NOW PLACID GRAZING LAND... BUT OUT OF THE WEST THAT USED TO BE COMES ANOTHER UNFORGETTABLE ADVENTURE IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT HORSE!

UNTIL...LIKE THE SUDDEN RISING OF A CYCLONE --

WAL, KELLY-- **WE'RE BACK!**

THEY'LL NEVER THINK O' LOOKIN' FER US IN OUR OLD STAMPIN'-GROUND!

THERE WAS NO SPOT MORE SECURE THAN THE FAMILIAR VALLEY...NO LEADER MORE TRUSTED THAN **THUNDERHOOF**...

SAVE YOUR WASTE PAPER—HELP TO WIN THE WAR!

WITH THE STEALTH OF RATTLERS RETURNING TO AN OLD HAUNT---

THAR'S ONLY ONE LIFE LEFT FER US -- AFTER PLUGGIN' THAT SOLDIER WHEN WE HIGH-TAILED OUT O' FORT SUMMIT!

YEP! WE'RE OUTLAWS, KENTON ... AN' I AIM TO LIVE UP TO IT!

RECKON I'LL SIZE UP THE BANK AT BONITO GULCH!

BETTER NOT GIT SPOTTED, KELLY!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...KELLY RETURNS!

THAR'S A KILLER WOLF NAMED *GREY FANG* RUNNIN' HAWG-WILD IN THE VALLEY! SHERIFF'S POSTED $500 FER HIS PELT!

TARNATION! WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH *US?*

S'POSE THEY GIT UP A POSSE TO TRACK THAT WOLF-- AN' WIND UP *HERE?*

H'M...MEBBE WE'D BETTER SOT A FEW TRAPS FER GREY FANG!

A CHANCE STEP--AND THE SUDDEN CLAMP OF STEEL JAWS!

CLANK!

THE FOLLOWING NIGHT AS THUNDER-HOOF LEADS HIS HERD OVER THE MOON-SHADOWED PLAIN---

FOR VICTORY—SAVE FATS, WASTE PAPER AND OLD RUBBER!

His first savage anger changing to cold dread, the great stallion lunges -- but the searing grip holds:

Hours later -- like ghosts ranging the shrouded valley -- a band of killers scents easy prey!

Grey Fang is abroad! Pain forgotten -- Thunderhoof neighs a warning!

Terrorized, the herd mills to safety -- all but Star-dust, loyal beyond fear!

But Thunderhoof, the lone battler, thrusts the filly aside!

DON'T SPEND FOOLISHLY—SAVE YOUR MONEY FOR VICTORY!

GREY FANG...YOU HAVE LEFT THE BLEACHED BONES OF VICTIMS THROUGHOUT THE SOUTHWEST--BUT HERE IS A FOE THAT WILL NOT CRINGE FROM THE TERROR OF YOUR HOWL!

GR-R!

YIPE!

WAM!

GR-R-R!

WITH THE CRAFT OF A VETERAN HUNTER... THE HUGE WOLF CIRCLES ...AWAITING HIS CHANCE!

NO! THIS IS THUNDERHOOF... AND THIS IS HIS VALLEY!

SIX O' CLOCK, DON! TIME FOR MILKING!

BY JINGO-- LISTEN! THOSE ARE WOLVES, MOM!

BUT, DON! WE DON'T LACK A CENT TO COVER THE MORTGAGE--AND IF THAT IS GREY FANG--

WE KIN BUILD A NEW BARN WITH THE FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS! I'M FIXIN' TO GIT HIM!

A MILE OFF... ON A SMALL HOMESTEAD--

BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS STAMPS AND BONDS!

SOON AFTERWARD... CAUGHT IN THE TRAP CHAIN--THUNDERHOOF GOES DOWN!

THUD!

ONE OF THE PACK LEAPS CLOSER--WHEN SUDDENLY--

YOW-R!

BANG!

GOT TWO OF 'EM... BUT GREY FANG'S SKEEDADDLIN'!

HIS CARBINE BLAZING, DON GALLOPS FORWARD!

BANG!

AS THE WOLF LEADER AND HIS MATE SLIP INTO THE MESQUITE--

JUMPIN' HOPTOADS! THIS HOSS IS THUNDER-HOOF!!

HERE IS ONE OF THE CREATURES WHO HURLS DEATH FROM AFAR-- WHO WIELDS ROPES AND BRANDING-IRONS! AND YET... THE BIG HORSE SENSES A FRIEND!

SIMMER DOWN, BRONC! JEST LET ME GIT MY FOOT ON THAT TRAP!

RECKON THOSE YELPS. MEAN WE'VE GOT SOMETHIN' IN OUR TRAPS, KENTON!

BUT IT AIN'T GREY FANG! LOOK YONDER!

Save your fats, waste paper and old rubber for the war effort!

WHILE THUNDERHOOF REARS WITH HELPLESS RAGE AT THE SIGHT OF HIS CRUELEST ENEMIES...

HI!

VAMOSE, SMALL FRY!

TOO LATE TO GIT RILED NOW, VARMINT! I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FER THIS CHANCE!

WATCHING FROM A NEARBY BLUFF, STARDUST WHEELS... HOPING TO DISTRACT THE KILLERS! A BOULDER IS DISLODGED!

IT'S THAT ORNERY WHITE MARE!

WE'LL PLUG HER, TOO!

SUFFERIN' SASSAFRAS!

UG!

BANG!

AN INSTANT LATER...

GET 'EM, THUNDERHOOF! THAT TRAP'S JUST BROKEN YOUR SKIN!

MAKE TRACKS, KELLY... HE'S LOOSE!

WITH THUNDERHOOF CLOSING IN--

HEY! YUH GOT THE WRONG HOSS, KENTON!

I'D RIDE A WILDCAT TO GIT AWAY FROM HIM!

INCHING CLOSER, DON BEARS DOWN ON THE POWERFUL SPRING ...AND AS THE SCOUNDRELS TURN..

Smash Hitler and Hirohito—Buy all the War Stamps you can!

AS KENTON AND KELLY GALLOP OFF...

THIS AIN'T A BAD HOSS THE VARMINT LEFT-- BUT I AIM TO GIT SHAWNEE BACK!

A BOY'S COURAGE HAS REARED A GREAT NEW BOND! WHIRLING, **THUNDERHOOF** NEIGHS HIS FAREWELL...

I KNOW YOU *LIKE* THUNDERHOOF, DON-- BUT DON'T FORGET HE'S DANGEROUS!

NOT WHEN YUH GIT TO KNOW HIM! I'VE GOT A LITTLE IDEE ALL FIGGERED OUT!

Then--

--STRIDE BY STRIDE WITH THE FAITHFUL STARDUST...

BACK AT THE PURCELL RANCH...

NEXT DAY--CATCHING EACH BREEZE FOR A CHANCE TO RENEW HIS FEUD WITH **GREY FANG**...**THUNDERHOOF** SMELLS SALT!

A HALF MILE BEYOND--HE PAUSES WARILY!

KEEP OLD GLORY FLYING—BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS!

WITH ALL SENSES KEYED FOR DANGER...

HE TOOK IT!! I'LL LEAVE SOME EVERY DAY -- MOOCHIN' CLOSER AN' CLOSER UNTIL I KIN TOUCH HIM!

WE BETTER GIT SOME DINERO -- IN CASE WE HAFTA LIGHT OUT IN A HURRY!

THAR'S PLENTY WAITIN', KENTON -- AT THAT BANK IN BONITO GULCH!

I'M SHORE GLAD WE DIDN'T HAVE TO FORE-CLOSE, DON!

HERE'S THAT $500 TO COVER OUR MORTGAGE, MR. GRIMES!

NEXT AFTERNOON...

REACH, HOMBRES!

A WEEK PASSES...

LAND O' GOSHEN! A HOLD-UP!

SUDDENLY...

STAY PUT, WADDIES ...OR GIT PLUGGED!

CLEAN OUT THE SAFE, PARD! I'LL HOLD 'EM!

TELLER

BANG!

BANG! BANG!

BUT BEFORE THE TELLER CAN DRAW...

HASTILY GATHERING THEIR LOOT... THE BANDITS TURN...

TOO YOUNG TO ENLIST—BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS!

JUMPIN' JIMSON! THAT PAINTED HOSS-- IT'S SHAWNEE!

HOTEL

BANG! BANG!

BANK

BANG! BANG!

IGNORING THE FLYING LEAD, JOV RUSHES TO THE STREET!

BANG! BANG!

COME ON BACK, BRONC!

A MOMENT LATER...

NEITHER SPUR NOR BIT CAN KEEP SHAWNEE FROM HIS MASTER'S CALL!

BALLS O' FIRE! I'LL WIND UP AT TH' END OF A ROPE!

BANG. BANG.

BANG! BANG!

BANK

Then...

...AS A STAGECOACH RUMBLES PAST...

THEY AIN'T GOT ME YET!

BANG! BANG!

I AIM TO TRAVEL LIGHT, HOMBRE!!

POW!

BANG! BANG!

LET'S GIT UP A POSSE AND HIGH-TAIL AFTER THOSE POLECATS!

NARY A CHANCE, DON! MOST O' THE BOYS ARE RIDIN' THE VALLEY LOOKIN' FER GREY FANG!

AS THE KILLER ESCAPES...

DO YOUR PART FOR VICTORY ON THE HOME FRONT!

YEP. THAT'S THE HOSS HE SNAPPED FER SHAWNEE-- BEEN RIDIN' IT.

IT'S GOT THE **BAR-Z** BRAND! ***THAT VARMINT IS PETE KENTON!***

IF THE KID RECOGNIZED HIS HOSS--YUH KIN BE PLUMB SARTIN THEY SAVVY WHO WE ARE.

WON'T MATTER UNLESS HE TESTIFIES LEGAL-- ***AN' I DON'T RECKON HE WILL!***

THEN THAR WON'T BE ANY EVIDENCE AFTER WE PLUG THE KID!

NOTHIN' BUT MY HOSS--AN' WE KIN PICK HIM UP AT THE SAME TIME!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

THUNDERHOOF OUGHTA BE BY FER HIS SALT PRETTY-- ***HOLY MACKEREL!***

THAR HE IS, KELLY!

WE AIN'T MASKED THIS TIME, PINT-SIZE!

HI!!

WITH DON FLUNG ACROSS KENTON'S SADDLE--A TRAIL OF SALT TRICKLES FROM THE BAG!

I WANT PLENTY O' TIME FER ***THIS*** JOB! WE'LL TAKE HIM BACK TO CAMP-- AN' THEN PICK UP THE HOSS!

THESE KNOTS'D HOLD AN EEL!

SOON AFTERWARD...

TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT THAT SUNSET, KID! ***YUH AIN'T SEEIN' ANOTHER!***

EVERY DOLLAR LENT MAKES ANOTHER DENT—IN THE AXIS!

AS DUSK SETTLES OVER THE SAN MORALES...

THAR'S SOMETHIN' CRACKLIN' YONDER! MEBBE IT'S SHAWNEE!!

TWO FUGITIVE KILLERS PAD INTO THE OPEN -- GREY FANG AND HIS MATE!

SCANT MOMENTS LATER...

SUFFERIN' SUNFISH... THUNDERHOOF!

GAR-R!

MEANWHILE -- WAITING FOR DON -- THUNDERHOOF SCENTS THE SCATTERED SALT!

OFF HE RACES... FOLLOWING THE THIN TRAIL TO KENTON'S CAMP!

THIS TIME, GREY FANG, THERE IS NO TRAP ... NO CHAIN! THIS TIME THE BATTLE IS NOT FOR PREY --

...BUT FOR YOUR VERY LIFE!

GR-RH!

YIPE!

KI-YI!

FOR VICTORY—SAVE FATS. WASTE PAPER AND OLD RUBBER!

SWERVING--THUNDERHOOF SCORES WITH CRUSHING IMPACT!

BAM!

WUMP!

THAT'S PLANTIN' 'EM, BRONC!!

NO USE TRYING TO TRACK THEM WOLVES ANY FURTHER, ZEB!

I'LL BE HORN-SWOGGLED! LOOK YONDER!

Then...

RIDING STRAIGHT TOWARD THE POSSE, THE MURDERERS FIND ESCAPE BLOCKED!

DRAW IRON, BOYS! YERE THEY COME!

MORE OF KENTON'S WORK, EH? IF WE EVER GIT THOSE--

OW!

WE QUIT! D-DON'T KILL US!

RECKON WE KIN WAIT, KENTON... UNTIL AFTER THE TRIAL!

BANG!

AS THUNDERHOOF GALLOPS OFF...

HERE'S YURE MORTGAGE MONEY, DON-- AN' FIVE HUNNERD MORE FER GREY FANG'S PELT!

THAT'S RIGHTLY THUNDER-HOOF'S! WISH I HAD SOME WAY TO GIVE IT TO HIM!

BUT THE GREAT STALLION ASKS NOTHING BUT FREEDOM... READY TO MEET THE LUSTY ADVENTURES THAT LIE AHEAD!

DON'T SPEND FOOLISHLY—SAVE YOUR MONEY FOR VICTORY!

VOLTO FROM MARS

LOOK! THAT TREE RIGHT ACROSS THE ROAD!

WE'LL MISS THE TRAIN!

YOU FORGET MY MAGNETIC POWER...

SEE? WHEN I SAY "VOLTO", MY LEFT HAND *REPELS*...

VOLTO

OH BOY! WE'LL MAKE IT NOW, PROFESSOR!

OH, GRACIOUS! WHERE'S MY BAG?

YOU LEFT IT ON THE PLATFORM!

YOU ALSO FORGET...

...THAT MY RIGHT HAND *ATTRACTS*...

VOLTO

AMAZING

IS IT TRUE, VOLTO, THAT ALL MARS' MEN HAVE THIS EXTRAORDINARY MAGNETIC POWER?

QUITE TRUE, PROFESSOR, AND WE RE-CHARGE OUR MAGNETISM BY EATING CEREAL GRAINS ONCE A DAY!

AND THESE GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES ARE THE BEST-TASTING WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL I'VE FOUND ON EARTH!

I'LL BET IF YOU TELL YOUR FRIENDS ON MARS, VOLTO, THEY'LL ALL BE DOWN!

GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES MAY NOT GIVE YOU VOLTO'S MAGNETIC POWER BUT IT SURE WILL START YOU OFF LIKE A POWER-HOUSE IN THE MORNING! GET GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES TODAY. YOU'LL SAY IT TASTES *SWELL!*

Grape-Nuts Flakes

WHOLE-GRAIN

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CHIEF OPERATOR BROADCASTING STATION

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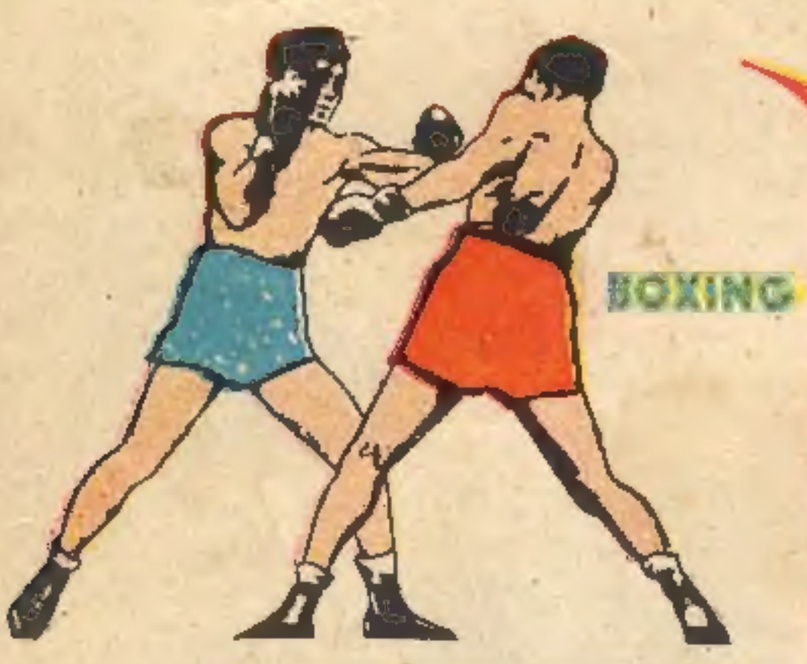

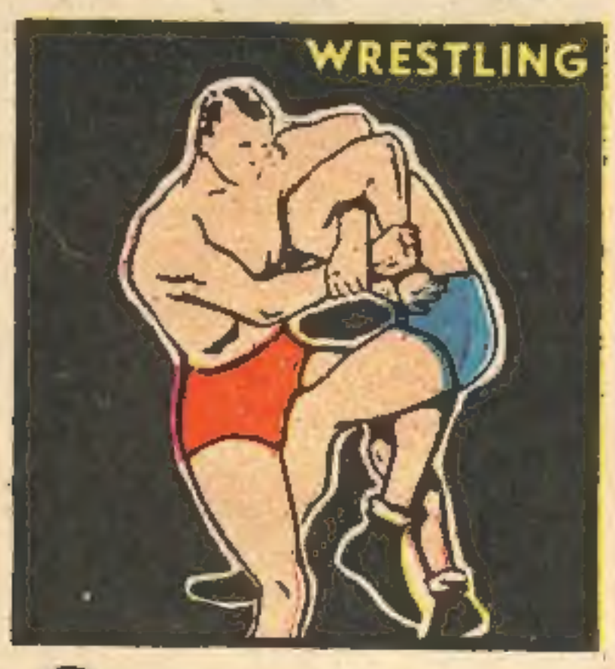

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